

DIVINE POEM

A H Lord, my sins are very great,
And my corruptions many;
Oh! let me not, I thee importune
Be overcome by any.

Bow down thine ear unto me, Lord,
Have mercy on my Soul,
Subdue my Spiritual Enemies,
And all my lusts controul,

Cause me to love the Lord above
With all my heart and might,
And let my Conversation be
Well-pleasing in thy sight.

DO not condemn my Soul, O Lord;
But for thy mercy sake;
Which is both sure and plentiful,
Some pity on me take.

Enrich me with thy heavenly Grace,
Endue me with thy Spirit;
And let my Soul when hence it goes,
Eternal Life inherit.

Forget me not, I pray thee, Lord,
But still remember me,
That unto all Eternity,
I may give thanks to thee.

Grant me, that I may never dare
To live in any sin;
Nor let me not at any time
Be catch't in Satans Gin.

However thou dost deal with me,
Give me an upright heart,
And let my will submit to thee,
And never from thee part.

Indeed it is to be admir'd
How gracious thou hast bin
Unto me from my Youth till now,
Though I have liv'd in sin.

Kindness thou dost bestow on me
Every day and hour;
Yea, every moment, Lord, on me
Thy mercies thou dost pour.

Lift up my heart unto thee, Lord,
Unto a thankful frame;
And let me ever honour thee,
And praise thee for the same.

Make me think vilely of my self;
Shew me my want of Grace;
Let not the love of any sin
Within my heart have place.

Nothing's too hard for thee, O Lord,
Oh! therefore undertake
To pluck my strong corruptions down,
Even for the Lord Christ his sake.

OH! let not any of my sins
Come into memory;
With thee, O Lord, but let them be
Conceal'd eternally.

Prepare me for Eternity,
And let my Souls lamp be
Furnished with the Oyl of Grace,
When death shall seize on me.

Quicken me by thy Spirit, Lord,
When I shall wait on thee
In every Ordinance of thine,
Which thou affordest me.

Remove from me the guilt of sin,
And its pollutions too;
And let it be my earnest care
All evil to eschew.

Secure me from eternal death,
And let my Soul make sure
Of an Inheritance with thee,
Which ever shall endure.

The time which thou affordest me,
It's but a span, O Lord;
Therefore let me redeem the time
Which thou dost me afford.

Vouchsafe to lift mine heart to thee,
To lift mine heart above all things be-
And let it be my earnest care
Christ crucified to know.

Whether I live or dye, O Lord,
Let me be wholly thine,
And let thy gracious countenance
Upon me ever shine.

Xamine all my inward wants,
Supply me with thy Grace:
Let not the love of any sin
Within my heart have place.

Yea longer I shall live, O Lord,
Let me still better grow,
And let it be my earnest care
The Lord of Life to know.

Zeal for thine honour give me, Lord,
And let me holy be;
Guide me by thy counsel here,
And to Glory take thou me.

London, Printed for William Marshall at the Bible in Newgate-street, 1682.